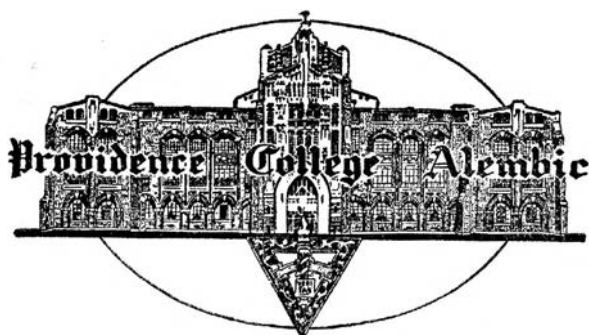


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BY THE

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Men and Writing

RAYMOND RUSSELL SHEA

IT is a tragedy of colossal magnitude when an academic community like our own becomes so blatantly unintellectual as to be phlegmatic toward literary endeavor. It seems that we have fallen prey to the contemporary intellectual temper of apathy. May future productivity in the field of literature prove this an unfounded hypothesis!

For what is the purpose of education if not to prime the student for effective thought, which he can communicate to others, and by which he is able to make relevant judgments and distinguish values? This process finds expression in the written word—literature.

Anyone who has been exposed to the ancient classics has very likely experienced the impulse to recur to them over and over again. This is due in no small measure to the style in which those great masterpieces were penned. Yet the world is wiser now (or ought to be) than it was in the era of Roman and Greek antiquity. Experience has accumulated and is at the disposal of anyone who wishes to utilize it.

These were the men who had something to write, and wrote it. Once they had begun to work, they devoted their minds exclusively to the task of expressing well what they had to say. After they had phrased an idea well they set about to elucidate upon it and annotate it in a yet more adequate manner.

There is another class of books, different from the embellished rhetorical volumes of classicism, which is held

in special reverence, apud nos, and which is scarcely less admirable for mere style—notably, the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Some may find it astonishing that we enthrone Aquinas in the graceful temple of great literature qua literature. To a classicist, St. Thomas' use of the Latin tongue is uncouth. His grammatical constructions at times would disturb the sensitive spirit of Quintilian. Yet it would be futile to venture naming another author (not even Tacitus), who so aptly expresses precisely what he means. Aquinas writes so concisely and with such exactitude that he says no more and no less than what he at first intended. To overlook the most apparently insignificant adverb might bring down the incrimination of arch-heresy. A sentence of Aquinas is the photograph of his thought.

It is said that works of this nature take much of their coloring from their beginning. Some of our students have hesitated to express themselves in writing because there is a great deal of consideration on how to do it. But a child can actuate his potentiality to walk only by walking. So the problem of beginning is overcome simply by beginning. Through writing, it is within our capacity to tap the precious vintage of our experiences. This is the stuff of which men are made.



Malgré Nous

Taking flight into dusky night,
moth-like, in light-quest,
to see, or be coil-flurried?

Soft lamps and old wood folded me in.
Aeolian notes danced in the airless room.

All was ale-bright, and — —
what was the song they played . . .
where has the music gone?

Then, angel, black-shrouded in man-cloth,
you stood, face-light trailing from the stars,
and eyes splashed with no mere artist's hue,
turned in melody-murmurs no lips could whisper.

Then cloud-couched we touched
and knew what angels never knew, and — —
what was the song they played . . .
where has the music gone?

Tell me those feet never milled in shade-groves
nor friend Fate joined those hands
with any this-side-the-sun,
nor that heart beat so at any old dawn
with oneness dreamt unhuman, and — —
what was the song they played . . .
where has the music gone?

Night-gift, you, — you? or a dream?

But no, I clutched the dream,
and all man ever counted lost was found,
while unborn songs, well-aged, sang.

Where has the music gone?

Ah! 'Tis written in the wind.

RAYMOND RUSSELL SHEA

Mustache, Cigar and Guts . . .

GREGORY CLIFFORD

Now in the fourth year of the twenty-first century His Majesty's government has given permission to publish for the first time selected excerpts from the private papers of Commander Lighthouse. It may now be revealed that the Commander is the man who in the middle years of this past century righted the balance of trade between ourselves and the colonies. The papers tell in the Commander's own words the story of his heroic sacrifice of self, friends and the very air of England for the safety of our beloved nation.

England in 1950 faced a dreary future. She was exhausted by war, her factories destroyed, her markets vanished, and impoverished by her long years of world leadership. Fortunately her great men once more met the challenge. The only records we have of this great man are his memoirs and the prosperity of our native isle. Here are excerpts of the Commander's papers.

IN the early part of November, 1950, I, like so many other Englishmen, was appalled at the kingdom's seemingly endless erosion. Some months before, I had written to the London *Times* volunteering my services to any organization or any venture to re-establish the lost glories of Britain. In that letter I had mentioned my qualifications: Age 36, height 6' 4", skilled in judo, Sten gun operation and demolition methods, holder of the Victoria Cross and the Croix de Guerre. I had won both of these decorations when in 1941 I parachuted into Berlin where I dynamited the only distillery of Scotch whiskey outside the British Isles. Rudolf Hess surrendered soon after, as you may recall.

I had all but forgotten about this letter when on the evening of November tenth I returned to my bachelor home after a day at the Bank. I stepped into my flat thinking only of another long night in what I feared was my slowly

Mustache, Cigar and Guts . . .

dying country. Oblivious, I was startled by the voices of two gentlemen dressed in raincoats.

"Permit me to introduce myself, Commander," said one. "I am Inspector Fabulous of the Yard and this is Colonel Brown of M. 1. 5. We must ask you to step along with us. We have taken the liberty of packing a few things you may need."

When I started to protest, the Inspector replied, "It's for England, old man." Those words sounded like the trumpets at Agincourt. I knew I must go with them.

Between those two stalwarts I stepped out into the street again and then into the back seat of a long black car. The swirling fingers of the fog had already crept into the streets of London. They pulled black curtains across the windows as we moved out into the darkening shadows. In spite of my attempts at conversation neither of my companions or the chauffeur spoke a word during the trip.

After about an hour's drive during which I was able to deduce from the sounds of traffic that we were still in London, we finally came to halt. My two companions helped me out. I found myself in a huge garage. We were apparently underground, for the walls were covered with a damp glistening. The Inspector led me up a flight of well worn stairs into a dimly lighted hallway. At the far end of the corridor he stopped and knocked on a huge oak door.

The door swung open and I was shepherded into a small but brilliantly lighted room. I was temporarily dazzled by the light and it was a moment before I realized I was in the presence of the two great men of England.

One, short and dark with a small moustache, moved forward and shook my hand. The other stood and measured me with his keen old lion's eyes. Apparently satisfied,

he replaced his cigar and, puffing slowly, turned and studied an intricate graph upon the wall.

Mr. A. began in his thin dry voice to explain the meaning of my mysterious visit:

"The *Times* forwarded your letter a few months ago, Commander, and we determined to use you. Colonel Brown was responsible for the exacting scrutiny we gave your record. We were most pleased . . ."

"Damn it, Clem, get on with it," rumbled the ancient cherub.

"To continue, Commander, you can perform a great service for your country."

"Name it, sir," I said quietly.

"My boy, what do you know about Americans?"

"Americans! Good Lord, sir, are we going to start that again?"

"Damn it," roared C. "I'll explain to the boy." Turning to me he said, "England's in dire straits. The balance of trade is against us. We live by trade and very well die by it. Some of our best economists have determined that the only thing that can save us is either another large loan or some sort of swindle. Our great need in trade is for something that can be cheaply produced here at home and yet sell for exorbitant prices abroad. There's only a limited market for jaguars and sport jackets. We have already flooded the market for late show television movies. We produce enormous quantities of whiskey but only a small percentage ever gets out of Scotland. Lifemanship is, of course, too dangerous." He rapped on the table and a uniformed guard entered carrying a glass of some liquid.

"Drink that!" he commanded.

Mustache, Cigar and Guts . . .

Obediently, I gulped the liquid. "It's horrible," I croaked. "What is it?"

"It's water from the Thames," sighed A. disapprovingly.

"No, it isn't," answered C. "It's Pweppes." He turned to me, "You know Americans; they'll drink anything."

Suddenly I saw the very genius of the man. I was convinced but I had to ask questions to gain time to compose myself.

"But how can you know for sure?" I said.

"We had a test run last week at an Embassy party. We mixed all the drinks with water from the Thames. No one would touch them except the Americans. They drank every drop. It was an awesome display of barbaric vitality."

"But suppose some American manufacturer makes some even worse stuff," I said.

"That's possible but it won't have any snob value. We'll price Pweppes so high that to drink anything else will be to admit you're living on relief."

I gasped and realized that with this man we would not fail.

"Well," said A., "are you game or not?"

"I'm ready, sir," I replied.

I was dismissed and led into a briefing room. There for the first time Colonel Brown spoke.

"Your duty is to persuade the Americans that civilized people drink that swill."

I was then led to a bedroom and told to make myself comfortable for the night. In the morning I began a severe training period to enable me to drink Pweppes with every appearance of gusto and pleasure. I also received special

instructions on how to avoid spilling any Pweppes on my beard. This was of the utmost importance as Thames water is 93% waste industrial acid.

Some months later I emerged from the Tower and, preparatory to leaving for my great adventure, received an audience from my sovereign. The great halls of the palace seemed crowded with the ghosts of long dead heroes. That mere slip of a girl who wore the crown had the blood royal of ages past. I came forth from the palace feeling as Drake and Nelson had on the eve of their memorable triumphs. I was also, from then on, a peer of the realm.

Ten days later I stood on the deck of the mighty *Queen* as the sea-girt Island faded from sight. I thought of my little old mother in York and of the first 50,000 gallons of Pweppes eating its way through the lead containers piled in the hold below. I knew that if I succeeded there would be in every American pub a little bit of the Thames that is forever England. I, Reginald Lighthouse, Bart., might some day take my place with Kipling's thin red line and the heroes of Trafalgar and Dunkirk. Please God, I do . . .

What a Difference a Daily Makes

As I recall in my high school
Latin was considered the devil's tool;
"That dead language is killing me,"
I believe the old saw used to be.

These same grumblers, now college bards,
Fur-bearing members of the *avant-garde*
To this language now salaam,
Employing it—ad nauseam.

RICHARD E. SULLIVAN

Khrushchev: A Study in Infamy

RICHARD W. ALSFELD

TWO Russian-made satellites are hurtling with incredible speed through the vast ebony reaches of outer space. The average American's reactions to this extraordinary scientific achievement are an expression of trepidation and a demand that our government close the gap that now exists between Soviet technical skills and our own. Although it is absolutely imperative that we keep abreast of our antagonists in every field of endeavor, we must not forget that the Soviet dictator, Nikita Khrushchev, represents a far more immediate and less predictable danger than the now imperfect satellites; for if war is to come, it will be by his orders.

Until very recently, most people had the mistaken impression that Khrushchev was a far less dangerous communist than Stalin. After an examination of Khrushchev's character and motives, one can readily see that this corpulent little despot represents a threat to the world that, by comparison, would make the evils committed by Hitler, Stalin, and Attila seem like the misdemeanors of mischievous schoolboys.

Although his tactics are somewhat similar to those used by Stalin, Khrushchev, as a personality, presents a striking contrast to his former dictator. While Stalin remained aloof and operated secretly like a medieval alchemist, Khrushchev is the typical extrovert. He is gregarious, full of an ill-conceived sense of humor, and seems to like the atmosphere of boisterous Russian parties. Unlike Stalin, Khrushchev has made many trips to different parts of the world in an attempt to gain good will for the Soviet Union. In India, Egypt, and Syria, he has been at least partially successful in leading these countries, like sheep to a slaughter-

house, into the communist fold. Under Khrushchev's apparent exterior of good will and benevolence lies his true characteristics of malevolence, utter ruthlessness, and complete disdain for human feelings and lives. Without these characteristics, he would never have reached his lofty position in the Kremlin hierarchy, for his path to power is littered with the bodies of those who either opposed him or were less zealous in their efforts to infect an unwilling world with the malignant, festering sore of communism.

In appearance, Khrushchev is not impressive although his chunky body suggests extreme stubbornness. He is very short—about five feet four inches. He must be considered overweight, since he carries approximately two hundred pounds on his short frame. His egg-bald skull and rotund face give no hint of sophistication or intelligence. His only assets, from a communist point of view, are his brutality and ambition, along with a capacity for long hours of hard work.

Khrushchev has accomplished much; he has risen from a beginning as a half-literate peasant to the dizzy, though tenuous, height of an absolute dictator. His chief rival, Marshal Zhukov, is now just another name that he has relegated to the crimson Valhalla of the Soviets. As this precipitous career is traced, one salient fact about his personality remains outstanding above all others—his unequivocal brutality. In essence, his story is a tale of mass slaughter and exterminations, of diabolical usurpation, and of the enslavement of over twenty million people.

That is the character of our opponent—brutal, ruthless, and adamant. He is incalculably evil and is intent on furthering communist domination no matter what the cost. His ultimate ambition, of course, is to reduce the United States to impotency. We, then, are the block over which Khrushchev must surely stumble and fall, thereby ending an era of infamy unparalleled in history.

A Big Chance for Charley . . .

JAMES MARK KELLEHER

WHEN the front doorbell rang, Janice Clifton was relaxing on the living room sofa. After squirming into a pair of shoes and dragging a comb through her hair, she walked swiftly to the door, and opened it. A man and a woman greeted her with a pair of affable smiles. The couple appeared to be about the same age as Janice, who was twenty-five. In a cordial tone, the man introduced himself, "I'm Kenneth Horton, and this is my wife, Beth. I wondered if Charley was at home."

"He'll return from his desk very soon. Please come in," invited Janice.

"Thank you," said Kenneth Horton, following his wife into the hall. "Charley and I went to high school together. We played on the same football team. Haven't seen Charley for over five years. We came back to Boston to visit Beth's father. You see, we moved to Philadelphia right after we were married. And now that we're back, I took the opportunity to look up Charley."

"Well, that's fine! I know I've heard Charley speak of you," lied an embarrassed Janice. "He'll be tickled to see you."

"What time do you expect him home?" asked Kenneth.

"Well, I'll be going down to pick him up at the train station in about a half hour. Suppose you ride down with me then, and surprise him."

The Hortons agreed to this plan and made small talk while Janice mixed them a drink. She then excused herself to freshen up.

She was a remarkably symmetrical brunette, carrying her one-hundred and twenty pounds in a comely manner that was pleasant to watch. But, as Charley had said many times, if she did not have him to make decisions and plan for their welfare, they would have been in the poorhouse long ago. She just wasn't practical. Charley had more than once remarked, "She couldn't say 'no' to a salesman if he tried to sell her Harvard Stadium!"

Kenneth stood as Janice returned to the living room. "Yes," he said, "Charley was quite a ball player in high school. Did you ever see him play?"

"No, we met only three years ago, and Charley was all through with football then. If you haven't seen him for five years, you've got a surprise coming. He's put on twenty-five pounds since then."

"Haw!" burst out Kenneth. "How much does he weigh now?"

"Two hundred and five," Janice giggled.

Kenneth laughed again and shook his head unbelievably.

"What kind of work do you do in Philadelphia, Mr. Horton?" asked Janice.

"Oh," he said almost automatically, "I own a chain of clothing stores."

Janice glanced out the front window at the Hortons' Imperial. She was beginning to be glad they had come. After all, Charley and she were having trouble keeping a budget now, even though they had not been blessed with

A Big Chance for Charley . . .

children. Things weren't going to get any easier. Mr. Horton might be a good man to know. Inwardly glowing at the prospect of a big chance for Charley, Janice listened eagerly to a description of Kenneth's clothing stores, and imagined Charley as a store manager, earning three times his present salary as a newspaper reporter. Then it wouldn't matter, she mused, if she were a little unwise with money. Kenneth went on and on with a recital of his business successes and Janice revelled in her aspirations for Charley.

"I hate to interrupt this amazing recital, Mr. Horton; but it's time for us to meet Charley's train. In fact, I'll probably be a bit late."

"Say," said Kenneth, "do you suppose it would be all right for my wife to wait here for us? The doctor has told her to move about as little as possible. You see, she had an operation recently. Actually this trip to Boston was meant as sort of a vacation for her."

Before Janice could answer, Mrs. Horton broke in: "Oh, nonsense! I'm sure it would be all right to go." She smiled reassuringly. "I'd enjoy the ride!"

"But, dear, the doctor said you shouldn't get in and out of the car too often." Kenneth was waving a disapproving finger at his wife. "You have to be patient, Darling; it takes time, you know."

"Listen," reasoned Janice, "I'm sure it would be wiser for you to stay here, Mrs. Horton. 'In fact,' she continued logically, "I think it would be best if your husband stayed with you. I'll pick up Charley, and you two make yourselves at home. It won't take me more than twenty minutes."

"Well," Kenneth complied slowly, "all right. You are very thoughtful."

Charley Clifton stood on the sidewalk in front of the train station, wishing his wife would hurry. He no longer became angry when she was late; it was easier to remain calm. No matter how many times he asked her to be on time, she never seemed to change. "No sense of time," thought Charley, "absolutely no sense of time!" Actually, he knew Janice did the best she could; he tried not to be impatient. But she just couldn't plan. She just couldn't do anything on her own—not even be at the train station at five o'clock. At ten minutes past five, Janice pulled up to the curb, and Charley thankfully jumped into the car.

"Guess who is at the house right now, Sweetheart," challenged Janice after kissing him. "You'll never guess—never!"

"You're right. I have no idea."

"An old friend of yours."

"Oh? Who?"

She smiled at him coyly and then ended the suspense. "Kenneth Horton!"

Charley stared blankly at her. "Kenneth Horton," he repeated. "And if it's not too much to ask, who the hell is Kenneth Horton?"

"Dear, didn't you go to high school with him?" Her smile sagged.

"I most certainly did not!" retorted Charley. "I have never heard of the guy in my life!" Suddenly Janice's knees were weak, and her pulse began to pound quickly in her temples.

He made her explain everything that had happened and when she finished, he slapped his head in exasperation. "Do you mean to tell me you left them there alone?" he

A Big Chance for Charley . . .

shrieked. "In our house? Do you realize we have over four hundred dollars in cash upstairs?"

She nodded meekly.

"Stop the car!" Charley roared. "Let me drive! Janice, I'm married to a dope!"

After fifteen minutes of breakneck speed, they came in sight of the house. Janice, to her horror, saw that now there was no car in front. She closed her eyes, feeling nauseous.

Sea-Phantasy

Last night I sailed a mighty ship
across the sea, the Moorish main,
to where the land fades in abyss
and finds its way to heav'n again.

Down the falls of Kubla Khan
the sirens lure, Charybdis yawns,
driving, falling, winding, surging,
Nev'r to stop while dawn new dawns.

I saw the sea rise in a wave
and give strange birth to white mirage
in which men moved with graceful haste,
nor loved nor scorned their free-flown fate.

RAYMOND RUSSELL SHEA

The Alembic

*How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.*

*How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs far.*

ISAAC WATTS

On Zion's Hill

JOHN WILLIAMS

Mount Zion
The American Mission
———, Puerto Rico
21st of Sept., 1957

My dearest Eunice,

YOU were notified by cablegram that Aunt Rosa McGehee passed away on last Sunday. Honey, forgive me for not communicating more often, but, even though circumstances and many miles have separated us so much over the years, my thoughts and wonderings are frequently of you. Because Aunt Rosa was in the mission field since young womanhood, she had lost contact with the family back in the States. But it would be remiss of me not to relate to you the happenings of her last days and hours.

Precious Rosa was our Dorcas and like the kind woman in *Acts* 9, she had devoted herself to "good works

On Zion's Hill

and acts of charity." And at the Judgment Seat the needy whom she has aided here at the mission—like the widows in verse 39, weeping and showing Peter the tunics and cloaks the deceased Dorcas had made them—shall be praising her and beseeching Peter to awaken her from sleep as on earth he rose Dorcas from the dead. Aunt Rosa, tireless little seamstress for the Lord, has given us the example of the Saint: Dorcas could not prophesy like the daughters of Philip, nor did she have that rare poetic mind possessed by the author of the Magnificat. But she did have a talent she might offer to the Master: she had a skillful hand and was a woman of initiative. Sister, we both were taught that real wisdom flows from the Bible, from right thinking and right believing. On this foundation, I have no reason to doubt, our lovely aunt was also wise.

For years Rosa suffered with chronic Bright's Disease. We knew how her father, our Grandfather McGehee, lived on a steady intake of rum and brandy—not to be dismissed in the least as a cause of this malady. This honestly received taste—to put it mildly—Rosa was just not without. She enjoyed her nips and, every so often, would send our negro servant out for cheap wines and whiskies; but she thought this was her little secret, and we let her keep it. We must all remember, though, that in *Matthew 7:1* we are instructed: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The Reverend Smiley in his eulogy reminded us of the lesson we have from Joaquin Miller:

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

On Zion's Hill

theirs was the way to salvation. Religion was enthusiastically being talked about; the clergy were writing for popular magazines, but all these discussions were ominous signals that for millions of people religion had become a debatable subject instead of being acceptable without any question among the traditions of the community.

Already Herbert and I so miss our daughter, for Elinor left on yesterday for Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, where she will be a freshman. By the way, Henry McGehee wrote me from near-by Atlanta that our Cousin Sally Hunter had become involved in a dispute with the bishop over some policy of the Women's Christian Temperance Union—Sally was a W.C.T.U. local officer for four years. Anyway, she is now living in Baltimore and is selling *Watchtower* from door to door for the Jehovah's Witnesses. Not that I approve of her decision, but who are we, sister, to disdain the sincere religious convictions of another? Besides, her work is being done in the name of the Lord!

It is a quiet Saturday evening. I am writing in the sitting room of the mission house. Outside on the front porch, the Smileys, Miss Lucy and my husband are chatting. Right now, the conversation seems mindful of an old Southern kind, for things are being said that might not appear to be anything at all—a preference for a flower or a hymn; but it is not just that, for it is also a comment on some quality in life—some graceful formality, soft sweetness or a glad or nostalgic association. It is the nuance in the voice or something unsaid that expresses really what is being said—all like Browning's "little nothings that are everything."

Dear, thank you many times for having sent me Chambers *Book of Days*. Knowing such pieces of historical

On Zion's Hill

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Dear, thank you many times for having sent me Chambers *Book of Days*. Knowing such pieces of historical

data causes a simple person like myself to feel so learned. For instance, the 10th of September was the anniversary of the death of Mary Wollstonecraft who died in giving birth to her child. The infant grew to womanhood and became the wife of Shelley and the author of *Frankenstein*—but with, I am told, the higher educational standards back home, the younger generation would find such fantastic creations ridiculous. I am sure that the children would revel in the little plays contained in Godey's *Lady's Book*, but I have been unable to procure a copy anywhere.

The Eubanks have just come down the stairs and are joining the others, I must help with the entertaining of our visitors—it is so nice to receive fellow missionaries with their piquant bits of news and gossip from the States—but I will write more on to-morrow.

* * * * *

Mount Zion
Sunday morning

In 1947 the Eubanks started six years of teaching in Peru. At breakfast this morning Arthur and Bessie told some of their observations there. Having arrived just a few days before Easter, they witnessed Good Friday ceremonies at the Church of San Nicholas in one of the cities. Curiously enough there were two processions bearing images of Mary and Jesus moving out of church in the opposite directions about the plaza. The multitude followed the image of Mary, and the figure of the Saviour was practically deserted—which goes to prove that Mariolatry is really the “religion” of the land. The Eubanks stated the contrast between the Roman and Evangelical Churches in Latin America in these terms: the Spanish adventurers brought lax views as to morality; we are bringing most rigid conceptions.

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The Spanish adventurers brought the visible cross, the formal service, the inquisition and the decrees of the pope; we are bringing the open Bible and accepting its teachings as standard. The Spaniards brought the religion of Rome; we are bringing the simple religion of Jesus.

Do not associate the Roman Church here with the nice Catholics we knew in Southern Maryland, and the conservative gentlemen-clergymen of the calibre of the late Bishop Alfred Allen Curtis, the Reverends John Banister Tabb and Abram Ryan. Let us not forget that such Confederate stalwarts as Secretary Mallory of the Navy and General P. G. T. Beauregard worshipped during the War at Saint Peter's Cathedral in Richmond. And when many of the nurses left the battlefield and hospitals when the fortunes of war turned against us and epidemics threatened, the Sisters of Mercy from Charleston and the Catholic nuns from Emmitsburg never faltered in bringing comfort to our wounded heroes. But even as I write glowing tributes to these Southern Catholics, I must not forget that Grandfather McQuaide was always skeptical of Catholics. In his admonitions to us he referred to the logic of Demodocus—that all Cilicians are bad men; among the Cilicians there is one good man, Cinyras, and Cinyras is a Cilician!

Aunt Rosa had a craving for jams and jellies, and every morning after she was bedridden I took a portion of quince or currant or whatever kind she wished with a pot of tea to her apartment. On Thursday, the 12th of September, Aunt Rosa was much in pain and talking no-ways clear. Moaning about the New Jerusalem, the poor darling asked me to read parts of *Revelation* from her Bible. I knew it would only upset her so I said, Aunt Rosa, precious, you just hush up that balderdash of yours about dying. Well, I realized then, of course, that her hour was

near. I called down for Miss Applewhite—everyone else was in Sunday School—and rubbed her hands and forehead with alcohol. I had neglected my aunt, and even during her last illness I was too busy to take up much time with her. At the moment when the nurse administered a laudanum, I was most remorseful, for I knew that I should never have the opportunity of comforting her again. Just as she fell into a sleep—from which she did not awaken—Aunt Rosa mumbled that she had known kindness and friends here, and that surely she could endure the loneliness.

Rosa loved Jessie Pounds' hymn, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere"—especially, perhaps, because it was President McKinley's favorite, and—through her mother's family—she was kin to his wife, Ida Saxton; so Louise Smiley and I sang it in a duet at her funeral—" . . . Somewhere the guerdon won"; yes indeed, and I thought of death and Lord Lytton's:

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread:
He bears our best loved things away:
And then we call them "dead."

For the past several months Mrs. Smiley has regularly taught Aunt Rosa's Sunday School kindergarten. On passing by her classroom this morning, I was so intrigued by her lesson that I just stood right outside and eavesdropped for part of it. Her subject was the commandment, "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." She developed it by relating the fairy tale of the man in the moon. I never knew how the man got into the moon, but it seems that very long ago a man went into the forest to cut wood. Having cut a large quantity, he was on his way home when he was met by a comely man dressed in Sun-

On Zion's Hill

day clothes. He stopped and accosting the wood-cutter said, "Dost thou not know that on earth this is Sunday, the day on which God rested from his works after he had created the world, the beasts of the fields, and man?" The questioner was Our Lord. The wood-cutter was hardened and answered, "Whether it is Sunday on earth or Monday (Moonday) in heaven, what does it concern me or thee?" For this thou shalt always bear the bundle of wood," said the Lord, "and because Sunday on Earth is profaned by thee, thou shalt have an everlasting Monday, and stand in the moon as a warning to all such as break the Sunday by work." Was not that an effective way to instruct the children on the essence of the commandment?

* * * * *

Mount Zion
Sunday afternoon

I am writing this last installment from a lawn chair in the rose garden beside the mission house. Under a shade tree on the other side of the yard, the Smileys' children and the Eubanks' little Nicky are being amused by Miss Lucy in a game of parcheesi. The darling made a pitcher of pink lemonade a while ago and had little Annie Smiley bring me a glass. While much too sour—Lucy is so Scotch with the sugar—it was refreshing and reminiscent of home. Although only a week has transpired since Aunt Rosa's release, her passing on is nowhere more felt than in the yard. Indeed, she so delighted in the gardening. For years she and a chosen few from the mission school would spend a little time here every weekday in planting flowers and bushes, weeding and watering, picking and pruning. Even in recent months when she was too weak for the work, she would direct the proceedings from a bench, then finally

from a settee moved out on the rear balcony. She was failing when Chester Smiley suggested over a year ago that she give up her gardening. Well, at this point, reserved little Aunt Rosa rallied and stunned us all as she explained that in a garden there is more than beauty—which in itself often brings out the best of a person's nature—but that which is forever reminding us of the miracle of growth. The voice of truth may be heard: that every man has a responsibility like a gardener's, to realize that, though he creates nothing, he is responsible before the throne of God to cultivate what he has been given. As for growth, the gardener must depend upon the quiet ways of the divine unfolding, and before the unfolding mysteries of God, those who have grown in grace—like the tillers of the soil who have their flowers grow and bloom throughout the seasons—will be most humble. After that, no more was ever mentioned of her giving up her duties in the mission garden.

It is said that prosperity gains friends but adversity tries them. In the missionary's life, this is simply just not so, for adversity is our entrance into friendship. Wherever sickness or poverty stretches out its piteous hands, there is one hand ready to grasp them, to help them up. In Scripture it is written that even a drop of water given in His name shall not go unrewarded. Our great teacher, Emerson, comforts us with these words: "Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself." And those who give of themselves will never know the dark shadows of tedium and of ennui, for their lives will have no vacant places. And there will ever be the joy of the blessed God, the giving God.

In going through Aunt Rosa's cedar chest on last Friday, I came upon a little book, *Christian Ballads*, written by the late Bishop A. C. Coxe of the Episcopal Diocese

On Zion's Hill

of Western New York. The first stanza of the last selection has been underlined in ink; it reads:

I love the Church, the holy Church,
The Saviour's spotless bride;
And oh, I love her palaces
Through all the land so wide!
The cross-topped spire amid the trees,
The holy bell of prayer;
The music of our Mother's voice,
Our Mother's home is there.

My dear, as "the holy bell of prayer" calls us to Sunday afternoon meditation, I think of the sixth verse of the second psalm inscribed over the chapel's side door: "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion"—yes, Zion was called a holy hill after the Ark of the Covenant was brought there, and was honored as the divine dwelling place. And from Mount Zion I pray that the Lord God—through "the Saviour's spotless bride"—will fill your soul with the same peace and real happiness He has poured forth upon his humble servant and your ever-loving sister,

JENNY



Good Friday

I stand disconsolate on the knoll
And vie o'er land and sea for hope's bright ray
But none I find; and am bewitched by the toll
For some tossed ship upon this grey-swept bay.

The while my soul is sad, my spirit deadly rent;
With murky waters dizzily I blend my tears.
What fateful mysteries hold these craggy monuments,
Descry they death foretold by ancient seers?

And thou, inscrutable sea, moaning in dirgeful chant,
For Him whose sacred feet did cross thy troubled crests;
Who other waters an elixir divine did enchant
As rouged His blood Haceldama—
How thy swooning cry protests.

The waves ne'er answer me, but lash the mourning rock in
vain;
Hellish waves! why do you taunt this all too solid rock
O'er which your powers shall ne'er remain?

(Be thou, my Faith, in, and as immobile as this rock-cross!)

Mystic figures clad in mist transverse yon purpureal line,
I fall—a porta inferi—upon the endless sands,
And all the world sings requiem—sad as Judas' crime;
And I can only fall to earth and clasp my hands!

RAYMOND RUSSELL SHEA

The Twain Must Meet

DOMENIC CALABRO

DURING my tour of duty with the United States Army in Korea, I witnessed a great amount of ignorance displayed by fellow Americans in understanding the Asian way of life. I was fortunate that I had the opportunity, as a teacher of English conversation, to mingle with a group of Korean students. I learned what they thought and expected of Americans, and the conclusions they arrived at after they were exposed to that astute American diplomat, G.I. Joe. I also perceived in these students an earnest desire to understand and learn our history and our true way of life.

Two questions gnawed at my mind, because of the two sides of the picture that my position allowed me to view. First, what are we doing to remove from our own minds the obstacles to mutual understanding; second, what help are we giving to these yearning people of the Orient in order that they see the United States as a symbol of freedom and of social advancement?

In America and abroad among our military personnel, we have neglected to educate our citizens regarding the civilization and culture of the Orient. We study ancient, European and American history, but is not Asia a part of our ever-shrinking world? Should we not be made aware of an area that soon will be exerting an ever-increasing force on our daily lives? The United States must take steps to educate its people, for ignorance breathes hate; and in this atomic era it is folly to occasion such a situation.

We all know where Paris is or London or Berlin, but how many of us know the location of Ulan Bator, or Kabul or Taihoku? We have a knowledge of the religions of the West but how many of us know the teachings of Confucius or the doctrines of Shintoism and Buddhism? Since the basic philosophy of a people will determine to a great degree how they will act, if we do not know the background of Orientals, how can we possibly understand with some degree of accuracy what to expect from them? We cannot completely interpret their thinking in the light of our Christian background. We must introduce into our system of education courses helping us understand their beliefs; and this in turn will enable us to propagate our ideas among them.

American policy in the Orient has been enervated seriously by our lack of understanding. China with its six hundred million is potentially the leader of the Asian peoples. The eyes of Asia are vigilantly watching her progress; what China evolves into will determine to a great degree the direction in which the rest of Asia will move. If China comes out of her infancy as a strong and economically independent country, the impoverished Eastern nations will most likely swing over to the left unless we can show them that democracy, even though it is slower than Communism in achieving social advancement, is better in the long run. Therefore we must establish in Asia a granary of democratic thought.

The Philippines can contribute strongly to our cause but our patronizing attitude toward them has caused a good deal of dissatisfaction among the common people. We have put millions of dollars into the Japanese economic system in order to make her dependent and friendly toward us, while we have given to the Philippines—whose friend-

The Twain Must Meet

ship we do not have to buy—a substantially lesser amount. It is true that we need Japan but we should give greater help to this nation that we can depend upon; for if we continue to neglect the Philippines we may awake some morning to find her on the other side of the fence. Furthermore, animosity seethes between the Philippines and Japan, for reasons that are evident, and for us to favor a former enemy more than a former ally can lead only to a strain in our relations with our former ally.

American red tape and bureaucracy have also hampered us from taking advantage of situations. For example, during the first Presidential election in Korea, teams of Americans were sent out to explain the new democratic voting system that was established; as a means to accomplish this an American filmed a picture using native actors and costing a few hundred dollars; when news of this returned to Washington, the movie was cancelled for it had not followed the proper procedure of red tape. Washington in turn prepared its own movie using American actors and costing thousands of dollars and, best of all, arriving too late for effective use in the election.

In a foreign country, when a native is looking for news about the United States, he goes to the United States Information Service, where he is given the best type of propaganda that the United States can distribute. After reading this information he admires the moral and social integrity of our highly developed and civilized country. This same person leaves the U.S.I.S. and walks around his city and sees some troops of our great nation acting in a non-gentlemanly manner. He concludes that what he reads and what he sees do not conform; and it is most likely, unless he is very understanding, that he will judge what he has read to be untrue.

These are only a few cases out of many where our diplomacy is failing to perform its duties. We need a re-vamping of our foreign policy. More stress should be placed on the exchange of cultural ideas. We should aim at the expression of our beliefs and ideas through the medium of an intellectual approach and not through the material objects we send these people to accomplish our mission; for the dollars and rice and arms are soon wasted and the source soon forgotten. One of the first instances of Communist aid in North Korea was building a theatre. To the people this was a symbol of peace, for there does not seem to be any military use for a theatre; an examination of this apparently innocent theatre, however, will disclose a more potent weapon than a thousand rifles. Here is the ground for the seeds which shall grow and multiply in the minds of men until they completely dominate him; then he is ready to do what his Communist chieftains have planned for him.

We should learn from what others do and from our own mistakes. We should train men fitted to hold positions in Asian countries. We should promote cultural exchange. We must capture the minds of the common people for governments may come and go but the people are always there. The time is no longer present when we can ignore the Orient; for they are no longer dormant. Two-thirds of the world's people living in approximately the same portion of land area are molding themselves into a unit which we must recognize for both economic and political reasons. Therefore we must be ready to understand and deal with these people. The East and the West must meet. What our policy will be at the time that the infant has grown into manhood will determine whether we are to meet with a clash of arms on the battlefield or as friends over a cup of tea.

FOUR FIRSTS

Quest for Torero . . .

RAYMOND D'ATTILIO

AFTER two frantic hours of searching, I finally located the correct address. The old Mexican-styled ranch house radiated a feeling of the exciting days of Pancho Villa, and the nervous character who answered the door fired my imagination even further. The short fat man was slow of movement and his bald forehead was covered with a beady sweat. His appearance contrasted sharply with his quick, shrill voice. He said, "Come in," twice in one breath and was about to repeat it but by walking in I ended his repetitious greeting. The aroma of expensive Spanish cigars lingered in the parlor and I wondered who smoked them, my slow-moving, quick-speaking friend or the "Great Caderò," the last of the great Mexican matadors, whose interview I long awaited. After stating my business to the gentleman, he turned and left the room. Only his heavy grunting was audible. A door opened and closed and an eerie silence fell over the room.

I was alone for two or three minutes when a door directly in front of me flashed open. Silhouetted majestically in the doorframe was the greatest of bull-fighters "Rafael Caderò." Caderò was average in height and slightly overweight, due, more than likely, to retirement. He appeared ten years younger than his sixty years and his slowly greying hair made one wonder just how old he really was. His appearance seemed to demand respect. He looked more like a retired judge than a retired matador. Caderò, who at the age of thirty brought thousands of screaming, fever-

ish, blood-thirsty "afficionados" to complete silence with his breath-taking "Veronicas," looked almost unreal, standing there, as though ready to start one of his death-defying passes. He had an oval shaped face with deep set, light blue eyes. They had a piercing effect and a compelling one. His thin, tight lips verified the features of his eyes. The brave, square chin completed the impression this man stamped in my mind.

The awkward silence was finally broken by the rich-sounding, Spanish-accented "Good afternoon, signore. Come in. Let's shoot the bull until the late—late show."



The Old Man of Two Rivers A. C. . . .

JOHN M. FERREIRA

THE gray-haired aged old man just rocked in his chair and looked out the window. Hands that once swung the mightiest bat in baseball could now just about grasp the arms of the rocker. Purpled arteries strove to burst through his dry, wrinkled skin. His eyes, the key to his success, were half shut, half open, like a man who has been awakened from sleep.

Through his memory ran pleasant, youthful, reminiscent thoughts which brought a smile of pride to his pale, drawn-in, aged face. His first days in the majors, the battle to stay there, the satisfaction of success, the lessons of misfortunes, all these had a nostalgic atmosphere for the old gent.

The little, dimly lit room where he was to spend his last days reminded him of the club's locker-room after a

What Kind of Day . . .

defeat, quiet, solemn, pensive. With a frozen gaze, he just continued to rock and think, rock and think; for his eyes, now drawn with age, his body, now a mere skeleton draped with human flesh, and his mind, once nurturing the gayety of youth, had fulfilled their quota of life's pleasure and were ready now to accept mere existence—rocking, rocking and rocking.

Let someone else mop the joint.



What Kind of Day . . .

JOSEPH SHERRY

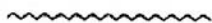
Gazing at the outdoors from my warm room, I see another day—a wonderful creation of God. It seems to be just another day like any day, yet it creates a feeling of newness. The sun is a gleaming ball of fire in the clear blue sky. Whistling through the land, the wind kicks up little puffs of freshly fallen snow which is refracting the sun's rays with a brilliant blaze of flashing lights. Trees seemingly aspire to fold to their bosom the heavenly Creator, God; below their outstretched arms falls a delicate, intricate filagree of flakes in a pattern that ridicules the feeble imitations of the most ingenious painter.

To me this beautiful wintry day is the innocent carefreeness of a happy infant, or the radiance of a young girl after her first kiss from her first love. Veiled from eye and mind are the trouble and burden of living and marrying and bearing and dying and burying.

In the darkening sky as the day closes, the once blazing sun is the dully burnished battle-shield of Titan,

teetering atop a distant mountain before plunging into black oblivion. The fragile shadows of the trees are apprehensive of the imminently ominous night. Once nonchalant and sportive, the wind now breathes foreboding, as night stealthily but steadily encompasses the world.

Will tomorrow be just another day? I think not.



If at First You Don't . . .

CHARLES E. BESSETTE

THE unwary freshman has received in the mail a small printed form which he has anticipated for an interminable length of time. The sight of the awaited envelope swells his throat with fear and expectation. Grasping all his courage, he tears open the envelope and cautiously unfolds the results of his first semester's toil. After he quickly glances at the marks, some of the professors become not-so-bad guys and one, possibly two, become ogres.

The student, however, is not a child any longer; he realizes and admits to himself that a greater effort should be made in the second semester. From this proceeds a list of resolutions.

The first resolution is to make more time for study. He administers a pat on his favorite back in admiration of these words of wisdom coming from so humble a person as himself.

The second resolution is equally deserving of praise, so he adds it to his list: Thou shalt not doze in class.

If at First You Don't . . .

Another gem of his now fertile mind is to restrain from too much night life, which, of course, contributes to his lack of rest. Besides, he thinks, I might even be able to save some money!

Then he affirms that he shall never again be tempted into remaining in any long drawn-out bull sessions which are ever increasing in interest and popularity.

And finally he resolves that the only thing that would make him even so much as think of cutting a class would be deathly illness or an exaggerated agitation of the earth in its orbit.

Scarcely a week has passed since his charter was drawn up and he has strictly adhered to the rules for the first three days.

By some twist of fate, an irresistible little girl has been left without an escort for the Holy Cross basketball game. Taking pity on this unfortunate maiden, he volunteers for the chore of being good will ambassador to the gentler sex. He spends the afternoon scrubbing behind ears that he'd almost forgotten about. The early part of the evening is spent cheering the home team, and the latter part is spent entertaining the young lady with the wonderful accomplishments that are only a small part of his autobiography, or on a tour of the more scenic spots of our fair city. Thus, the second resolution has been slightly abused.

In the cafeteria at lunch-time is an unusually receptive audience that could not possibly survive the day unless given a resume of the previous evening. Not wishing to be impolitely secretive, he obliges with his memoirs, which somehow take longer than the actual date. Thus another resolution bit the dust.

The earth-shaking event which caused him to take his first three cuts was a royal straight flush. Thus . . .

The Porter

One, in their grease-splotched, brain-toned submission.
Men whose life is but their master's slough,
Spittle and chicklets (husked) glued to the floor
But men, despite the scavenged cigar butts they hide in
 their cuff,
the scorches, unfelt, on their faucet fat fingers
 from changing still-hot light bulbs,
Who kiss charwomen, duchesses in the old country,
 Over the slop sink
and escort them to the building picnic
Who wait for pensions, (only seven years more)
And ensure their next week's wage,
 by spitting on the floor.

RICHARD E. SULLIVAN

When My Dog Dies

When my dog dies,
Though I know the brute plug
That sparked his blood to course,
With heart will be still as a steamèd clam,
I'll think a prayer that it be butter-drenched
Before that bush-tressed nibbler's last resolve.
Like that outward soul that wreathed Donne's wrist
I'll bear within my veriform
A ten-year ball, senile, midnight cored, wound in senile
 gray,
That will but now recede,
Balding as my his-image
To oblivion.

RICHARD E. SULLIVAN

The Alembic

John Williams

P. C. men might delight in knowing that the word "alembic" and themselves have a common denominator. The word is from the Arabic "al-inbiq" (the still) and the Greek "ambix" (a cup, or the cap of a still). Through the Old French and Middle English "alambic," the word has come to mean an apparatus for use in distillation.

The function of this column is to serve as an alembic for extracts taken from here and there. We start with:

Remarks On Two Grammars

IN his essay, "The Ethics of Elfand," G. K. Chesterton discloses the lasting influence that *Grimm's Fairy Tales*—which he considered far more profound and intellectual than Grimm's Law—had upon him from very childhood. Some scholars will acknowledge *Aesop's Fables*, *Plutarch's Lives* or *The Pilgrim's Progress* as most memorable of their early acquaintances with good books. Dr. James P. C. Southall, a distinguished professor of physics in Columbia University for thirty years and now retired in Charlottesville, Virginia, mentioned these three in a pleasant collection of memoirs (*In the Days of My Youth*) but goes on to add this: "Yet after all it seems to me now that the book of all others that penetrated below the skin and left its deepest mark on me was, strange to say, Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar*, for it was a work of genius also."

From students of Latin who have happily met with this volume or, as the case may be, encountered it—which at first may have seemed to be nothing else save sibylline utterances and long involved rules of syntax—a hearty “Amen” may be expressed in assent.

The first edition of a *Latin Grammar* by Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, late professor of Greek in the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University, appeared in 1867. It has undergone several revisions and a number of reprintings, the last publisher being the St. Martin's Press. There remains much of the original format; regretfully, however, many of the jingles and rhymes devised to aid the memory have disappeared, like this popular one listing the masculine nouns of the third declension ending in—*is*:

Amnis, axis, callis, crinis,
Cassis, caulis, fascis, finis,
Funis, fustis, ignis, ensis,
Orbis, panis, piscis, mensis . . .

The decline in the general usage of Gildersleeve's *Latin Grammar* is not unlike the fate of Father John Banister Tabb's *Bone Rules*, which first appeared in 1897 and has long been out of print. This “skeleton of English grammar”—intended to be nothing more—was cleverly dedicated “To My Pupils, Active and Passive, Perfect and Imperfect; Past, Present, and Future.” Father Tabb's method has been replaced by many others which, it apparently seems, are finally being recognized for their inadequacy. The *Bone Rules* method, although stream-lined, was not sugar-coated. It sharpened the wit; it did not shun technical names; thorough analysis of sentence structure and definition of terms were insisted upon. Like Dr. Gildersleeve, Father Tabb had his “memory lines.” As the master of the

Remarks on Two Grammars

quatrain, he used rhymes to specify some grammatical rules; for instance:

The *time*, the *place*, or *whither*, *whence*,
The manner *how*, the reason *why*,
The *purpose*, *cause* and *consequence*
The adverb can alone supply.

Often he put into verse sentences full of errors to be corrected and diagrammed. *Bone Rules* contains a choice selection, for example:

Him and me being about the same height
Is often mistook for each other at night.
But the sun having rose on our features to shine,
You can see that his eyes is some littler than mine.

Many modern grammars may be superior to these in at least the following respects: sturdier bookbinding, a finer quality of paper, a better print; they may even be illustrated with attractive pictures (for which the learners pay well), but frequently the material is watered down or vague. In glossing over the inconspicuous points, the *obiter dicta*—so casual and pithy in Gildersleeve—they have robbed students of much of the benefit to be gained in Latin grammar.

"The participle is transient; the adjective is permanent," Gildersleeve states, and with no word of explanation: it is a truth and, once having been revealed, is to be regarded as self-evident. "The Imperfect as the Tense of Evolution is a Tense of Vision"—dare anyone gainsay it! While nebulous at first, the meaning comes forward but not before much examining. Certainly, "There is no royal road to learning."

Nowhere is Gildersleeve's genius so manifest as in his power to reach familiarly into the vast resources of Roman literature for an illustration, translating the precise meaning of that Latin sentence into idiomatic English. Indeed the familiarity, if only superficial, with these little gems is sufficient to sustain interest when the syntax of the required reading becomes abstruse.

In the chapter on coördination there is a paragraph on copulative negatives to which students of the *Agricola* of Tacitus, anyway, might have recourse. Among the selections used to exemplify *nec* in this instance are two especially nice to remember or at least to have seen:

Extra invidiam nec extra gloriam erat, Tac., Agr., 8, 3; he was beyond the reach of envy, and yet not beyond the reach of glory.

and *Opinionibus vulgi rapimur in errorem nec vera cernimus*, Cicero, Leg., II. 17, 43; by the prejudices of the rabble we are hurried into error, and do not distinguish the truth.

Of course, these are chosen for no particular reason from the many hundreds.

There have been imitations of this grammar, notably Allen and Greenough's in 1888 and Bennett's in 1895—both of which are very reliable and convenient references. However, the name Gildersleeve should not evoke thoughts only of Fibber McGee and Molly, for it represents precious scholarship in priceless Latin literature. Leaving Gildersleeve unused, dust-covered and hidden in the recesses of library stacks—no matter how pretty the librarian standing guard—is hardly proper appreciation of such a treasure.

Was This The Face

Was this the face
Whose every pore did stream
Red gold, through scourge-gouged channels,
To rust His midnight beard.

Was this the face
That harbored eternity,
And nodded to the earth
That man might ere be free.

RICHARD E. SULLIVAN



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